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JONESBORO, TENNESSEE, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7, 1894.

\$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

E. A. Shipley, J. J. Peoples,
SHIPLEY & PEOPLES,
FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS.
OFFICE:
Jonesboro Banking and Trust Company.
All risks placed in First-Class Companies at Reasonable Rates.
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Practices before the United States Supreme Court, the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and the various Executive Departments. Special attention given to Patents and Claims.
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HANGING AT JONESBORO
From this time on the firm of
PATTON & BRUNNER
WILL HANG TO
SHORT PROFITS
AND **QUICK SALES.** We mean to sell goods as cheap as the cheapest, and strain the prices on produce especially
Chickens, Eggs and Butter.
We carry a full stock of Boots and Shoes, and will take pleasure in fitting you and showing you out stock. We also keep a full line
DRUGS, Oils, Domestic, Cotton Checks.
Call and see us when in town, and examine our stock and prices. You will find our place of business, First Door East of Jonesboro Inn.

Dr. M. H. P. PANHORST,
OFFICE, DOSSER BLOCK,
JONESBORO, - TENN.
Diseases of Children a Specialty.

GET W. H. LITTLETON,
A Practical Machinist,
to Clean, Repair and Adjust your Sewing Machine, if you want Good, Honest work done. Buy your
NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, RUBBERS, BANDS
and Oil of him. Leave orders for work or parts with Joe February.

H. H. McPHERSON,
Practical Watchmaker
AND
JEWELER.
A Full and Well Selected Line of Fine
WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, BRACELETS, EARRINGS,
CHARMS, CHAINS, Etc.
Special attention given to Repairs.

THE HANDSOME
BARBER'S SHOP
In the Jonesboro Inn is run by
HERBERT RUSSELL.
Mr. Russell is an artistic Barber, and his shop is a perfect model of
CLEANLINESS
and Order. His towels are fresh, his soaps the finest, his razors sharp, and he knows how to use them.

T. W. WHITLOCK, M.D.,
General Practitioner of Medicine.
TREATS DISEASES OF
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Office in Bank and Trust Co. Bldg.

MILTON KEEN,
UNDERTAKER.
A Full Line of CASKETS and CASES.
LADIES' ROBES and WRAPPERS.
Gents' Suits and Burial Slippers always on hand. Will wait on you day or night.

A. C. HOSS, M.D., F. W. KIRKPATRICK, M.D.
HOSS & KIRKPATRICK,
PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS
JONESBORO, TENN.
Calls answered promptly, Night or Day.
Office over Jonesboro Banking and Trust Co.

DR. J. S. STUART,
General Practitioner of
MEDICINE and SURGERY.
Including Acute and Chronic Diseases, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Office and Residence
East Main Street,
JONESBORO, - TENN.

D. HILL,
TH. OLD RELIABLE LUMBER DEALER.
STILL IN BUSINESS.
Persons intending to build or make repairs will do well to call and see him, at the old stand, February. Money. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Correspondence solicited.
Jy4 3m FRED HILL, Manager.

Fink & Hickey,
Spot Cash Grocers Produce & Dealers.
Wholesale Dealers in
Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Dried Fruit
And all kinds of Country Produce.

H. M. SLAGLE,
CARPENTER and BUILDER,
JONESBORO, TENN.
from House Contractors to Fine Joiner Work

B. W. WRENN, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
COMMERCIAL LAW A SPECIALTY. ATLANTA, GEORGIA.
The U. S. Gov't Reports
show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

TALE OF A TERRAPIN.

A Romance of an Artist Who Was Full of It.
CHAPTER I.

In a sequestered spot on the shores of Chesapeake Bay Basil Beresford, a young artist, was sketching one day in the spring of 18—, The bright colorings were being cleverly applied to the canvas when all at once the artist ceased his work. The hoof of some animal could be heard striking the trampled turf. It was a muffled but also a quick sound which accompanied the rougher noise of breathing. Turning aside, Basil witnessed a curious sight. A fat terrapin scampering over the lawn for dear life, was being hotly pursued by a sturdy fisherman and his daughter. The animal was soon captured and stored away in the well filled gamebag of his. Then Basil's attention was drawn as if by a magnet to Phyllis Marmaduke, the daughter of Harold Marmaduke, the famous hunter, who was the terror of the terrapin for miles around. Phyllis was a dream of love and beauty, with blue eyes, bright as the dew, and her golden hair hanging down her back. She stood breathing the air like a beautiful plant. Basil's work for that day was over. He could sketch no more. He could scarcely move. His blood began to frappe, and suddenly the truth flashed over him.

Basil Beresford was in love

CHAPTER II.

Ten thirty. Basil stood 'neath a sturdy oak moving his pencils in a mechanical sort of way. Ever and anon he would leave his canvas, walk to the spot where Phyllis Marmaduke had stood the day before and gaze into the grass as if searching for a treasure. While in one of these moods who should stroll along but little Miss Marmaduke.

"Have you lost something?" she asked.

"Yes, my pretty one, I have."

"What is it?"

"My heart."

"If you dare," came in rough tones from behind a tree and Harold Marmaduke appeared on the scene. The old fisherman was not a man to be trifled with, and he upbraided the young lovers for flirtation. Then he marched his daughter back to the house. Poor Basil was well nigh frantic. Seating himself on a log, he placed his hands to his forehead as if in deep thought. While in this reverie a terrible storm came up. The trees away in the fierce gusts of wind, the peaceful bay was turned into a thrashing sea, the thunder crashed, and myriads of terrapin ran hither and thither to points of safety. But Basil beeded them not. Suddenly a wild streak of lightning pierced one of the largest trees, and down came its tremendous weight upon the form of the poor artist, pinning him to the ground. His calls for aid were like whispers in the tempest, and Basil Beresford was left to die.

CHAPTER III.

It was daybreak.

The storm had subsided, and still Basil Beresford suffered in the terrible clutches of the heavy oak. He was about to faint away when he felt something crawl over his prostrate form. Stretching forth his hands, which were free, he caught a large terrapin. This was soon devoured, for the young artist had not tasted food for a day. Hours slipped away, but no helping hand came. The loneliness was only broken by a constant procession of terrapin across the form of Basil, who, fortunately enough, had fallen directly across the path used by the terrapin to go to the bay. Basil would select the best ones, slay them, with his penknife and place them beside him for the next meal.

It was then that he thought of an old legend of Chesapeake's shores. It was said that if you point a diamond back toward a certain place and start the animal on its journey it will at some time arrive at the objective point. Quickly taking his penknife Basil scratched a sketch of his death trap on the back of the hard shell of a well built diamond back, giving the exact location of the spot where he was lying. Then, pointing the terrapin toward the happy home of Phyllis Marmaduke, he started it on its journey.

Days, months and even years passed, but Basil was still in his terrible prison, sustaining his weary life by means of the terrapin and praying for death's release.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun was shining.

Around the humble cottage of the fisherman's daughter her happy children were at play on the spacious veranda. It was just fifteen years ago that very day that Basil Beresford illustrated his horrible misfortune by means of a penknife on the shell of a diamond back. All this while Phyllis had not been happy. She had buried two husbands, and her life was now a burden.

Presently the laughter of the children ceased. They gazed intently at the movements of a cool and collected terrapin as it clumsily clambered up the brownstone steps. It was Phyllis who picked up the belated rescue party and saw the message upon its back. With a shriek she fell to the floor senseless. When she regained her consciousness, she hastily summoned

five of her strongest children, and they flew to the rescue. After a short run she found the prisoner, but at first she did not recognize him. He had wasted to almost nothing, and his long whiskers, now gray, were now cruelly entwined about the limbs of the tree.

"Heaven be praised," she cried, and she and her children began to cut away the monstrous oak. "Are you still full of the old love Basil?"

"No, dear; I'm full of terrapin."—Chicago Tribune.

HIS SWEET REVENGE.

Kicked Out When a Boy, He Lived to Repay the Offender.

A story with a moral is told me by a friend from Bloomington, Ind. That pretty little university town numbers among its notabilities not only the college professors, but another professor also whose accomplishments lies not in the direction of human education. I mean genial Henry Gentry, known wherever there are little and big children, who like to see the performing dogs and ponies. Professor Gentry was a very poor boy, which was no dishonor, but still much against him in the race of life. During the last few years he has made a fortune. I am afraid to say how much, but it must be up in the hundreds of thousands. Ten years ago he was still struggling to make a living for himself and his parents, and very often it was hard enough. And thereby hangs my tale.

Every one knows how difficult it was for business men to keep heads above water during the hard times and what a serious matter it was to obtain money, but Gentry had plenty of it all through and it is said to have helped more than one man over the stepping stones.

One day a very prominent business man of his town was caught short and needed \$5,000 to see him through. He had property and values, but no money. He went to the bank and asked for a loan, but was suavely told that the bank had it not. Just as the conversation was going on Henry Gentry happened to pass the bank, and the banker remarked, "there's only one man in town who has that much cash, and maybe he'll lend it to you." He pointed to Gentry.

The business man took the hint, stepped out of the bank, caught up with Gentry, and after a very complimentary talk on his success broached his request. Gentry turned full upon him and replied: "Oh, yes, I have \$5,000; foot lad, but do you remember a barefooted who came into your store at one time trying to buy a pair of shoes on trust? Do you remember how you almost kicked him out of your store? Well, I was that boy. No, you can't have no money from me!" Maybe it was not very Christian, but it must have been awfully sweet revenge.

—Louisville Courier Journal.

The Great Water Wheels at Niagara.

The water wheels are not all of the same size. Those employed in the transmission of power to the machinery of the paper mill were, when they were put in, the largest ever made. They were capable of generating as much as one thousand horsepower each. But they are mere pigmies in comparison with those which are to supply power to the great dynamo. Each of these have been built with the purpose of developing as much as 5,000 horsepower, which is about the power required to drive an ordinary ocean steamship from twelve to fourteen knots an hour. There are to be three of these mammoth turbines, and their handmaiden, the dynamo, are synthetically colossal in their capacity to generate electricity.—McClure's Magazine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, and in this way positively cures catarrh.

One Exception at Least.

Teacher—Give an example of the truth of the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall."

Johnnie—I can't think of any, ma'am. I don't believe it's true anyhow.

Teacher—What do you know of any case in which it is not true?

Johnnie—Yes'm. A stepladder.—Chicago Tribune.

Croup is a terror to young mothers. To post them concerning the first symptoms, and treatment is the object of this item. The first indication of croup is hoarseness. In a child who is subject to croup it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar, rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the rough cough has appeared it will prevent the attack. It has never been known to fail. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. E. Britton, druggist.

She Was Very Cautious.

"Did Miss Chilton give you any encouragement when you proposed to her?"

"Not a great deal. I used every argument. I even went so far as to assure her of my ability to support her in the style to which she had been accustomed."

"And what did she say?"

"She said I might call around later and show her my income tax receipt."—Washington Star.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder,
A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.

FIGHTERS OF THE SEA.

The Swordfish and His Death Dealing Bill.

It is a Great Battle When Two of Them Come Together—They Can Destroy the Largest Whale—Exciting Fights in California Waters Described.

A short time ago the attention of the passengers on a steamer off the Southern California coast was attracted by what was evidently a fight between two sea monsters. What appeared to be a mountain of foam first caught their attention. Then an enormous tail was seen tossed into the air. Then the monster breached and rolled over, beating the water into foam with resounding blows that could be heard a mile or more with the wind. Nothing but the great black mass could be seen, and for twenty minutes the strange sight continued, to the wonderment of the voyagers.

If the steamer could have approached they would have witnessed a most unequal struggle between a large whale and a foe of insignificant size. Beneath the water several swordfish, or possibly one, were literally prodding the large animal to its death, running their sharp swords into its unwieldy form until the creature was in a perfect fury and could only fling its huge tail about in an impotent rage. Such incidents are by no means rare at sea, and the presence of the swordfish, the cause of the trouble is often disputed, but in nine cases out of ten it is the offender. Enraged for some reason at the presence of the whale, it dashes repeatedly at it, sending its sharp sword into it and in some instances producing its death. The unrelenting and ferocious nature of the swordfish is not generally known, but the latter may be set down as among the most dreaded of all fishes. Considering the damage it does and the havoc it plays among the other fishes. It may be said that the fish is utterly without fear.

The combats with its own kind are most interesting and may be compared to two expert swordsmen who have rushed to the contest, not with foils, but with rapiers, and fence for blood. Such a contest was observed in California waters not long ago. Some fishermen noticed two big fish leaping out of the water and dashing along at the surface. Soon they saw that they were swordfish. The season was when the fish are supposed to be pairing, and the males are usually ferocious. They had made several rushes and when observed were at close quarters, striking each other powerful side blows like cavalrymen. This was unsatisfactory, and finally they separated and darted at each other like arrows, the water hissing as their sharp dorsal fins cut through it. They evidently struck head on, one missing while the sword of the other struck just below the eye and plowed a deep furrow in the fish, partly disabling it, so that it turned and attempted to escape. But its adversary, now thoroughly aroused, also turned and, with a rush, drove its sword completely through its body and, despite its struggles, held it fast, only wrenching its weapon loose when its enemy stopped swimming. This one lunge had finished the battle, and the victor left the field. The vanquished, floating on the surface, was picked up by the fishermen. The writer later observed the wounds, which gave ample evidence of the ferocity of the attack. The force with which a swordfish strikes has been variously estimated, but that is equal to that which drives a twenty four pound shot from a howitzer can be believed from viewing the results.

In the waters of California at least three kinds of swordfishes can be seen—Xiphias gladius, Tetrapurus albidus and Histophorus gladius. The two former have been observed by the writer. The fish engaged in the battle described were of the kind first named. It is the ordinary swordfish found on both sides of the Atlantic, in appearance, trim and shapely, a veritable privateer. It is a piratical cousin of the mackerel. The striking feature is the sword, which is a continuation of the upper jaw into a sharp, bony sword. The jaws are toothless, the lower one being hard or horny. The eyes are large and prominent, the tail sickle shaped and powerful, and the whole appearance of the fish denotes speed and activity. It attains a length of from five to nine feet, and when working at full speed can pierce any ship of wooden hull sheathed with copper. Many remarkable instances of this are known, and there is hardly a week in the year but something of this kind is recorded by shipping agents.

One of the most remarkable cases on record is that of the ship Dreadnaught. One day at sea the crew felt a sudden shock, and soon after that the ship sprang a leak and was obliged to put to port. It was found when she was drydocked that a large swordfish had struck her.

One of the finest specimens of the Tetrapurus albidus, ever seen in California waters was found recently by the writer in a little bay on one of the islands off shore. It was a magnificent specimen, about six feet in length, the body massive and powerful and remarkable for its shape. It did not taper to the tail, as many of the tribe do, but continued large all the way to the tail, which was a powerful organ. It had a long dorsal fin almost the entire length of the back, and its sword was short. Evidently it had been partly broken in a fierce combat with another of its kind. The head was large, as were also the eyes. I examined the fish for the cause of its death and found that it, too, had doubtless succumbed to a fierce thrust from an enemy, possibly an Xiphias, or long swordfish, as it had a single cut, two and one half inches wide, that penetrated the entire body like a knife. The defeated swordsmen had apparently been carrying on an unequal fight. Armed with a short sword or dagger, it had been struck by a cavalryman of the sea, whose keen rapier had killed it, the fish being blown inshore.—San Francisco Chronicle.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

Held at Bon Air School House, Washington County, Tennessee, October 26 and 27, 1894.

Friday Opening.—At 10 A. M. Superintendent F. T. Watts announces that a Chairman must be selected. On motion by Prof. D. M. Slonaker, Prof. F. T. Watts is selected Chairman. The Chairman, Prof. F. T. Watts, calls for a Secretary to be selected. On motion by D. M. Slonaker, J. E. Humphreys is elected. Chairman F. T. Watts invited Miss Grace T. Bayless to the organ. Song, "Nearer my God to Thee." Prayer, led by R. B. Martin. Prof. F. T. Watts gives a short and interesting talk. Teachers present are few: R. B. Martin, J. R. Carson, T. N. Hale, D. M. Slonaker, J. E. Humphreys, L. G. Gott, F. T. Watts, Miss Grace T. Bayless.

A BANKRUPT'S CLEVER SCHEME.

Starting Developments That Enlivened a Dinner to His Creditors.

This story is going the rounds at Vienna: Among the prominent citizens of the capital of the Austrian empire is a gentleman called Fritz. He is the proprietor of a large factory and is, moreover, well known as a jovial, whole souled fellow, who delights to give large dinner parties.

Not long since he sent out invitations to all his business friends to partake of his hospitality at a dinner party.

At first, as is frequently the case at a dinner party at which there are gentlemen, only, the proceedings were somewhat tedious. By degrees, however, the guests became more lively under the stimulating influences of the wines. Their tongues became loosened by the frequent lubrications, and there was a flow of geniality and wit such as is found only on press excursions.

Good humor prevailed to an almost alarming extent. Everybody present was in a hilarious mood. Just at this crisis Fritz stood up and intimated that he would like to make a few remarks.

"Bravo!" said a fat man with a red face, pounding on the table with the handle of his knife.

"Now we will hear something funny," remarked another guest, getting his mouth ready to laugh.

"Speech, speech!" exclaimed several of the guests who had contemplated the wine when it was red.

There was a solemnity about the host that almost convulsed the merry gentlemen present. "Gentlemen, I see around me all my creditors, and I have some important information to impart to you." And he paused. The fat man, to whom Fritz was owing 20,000 marks, turned a trifle pale, and seemed to be unable to close his mouth, in which he had deposited a morsel of pate de foie gras. Several other creditors looked at each other.

"Gentlemen," continued the orator, "you will regret to hear that I am—a bankrupt."

Roars of laughter. "That is good. 'Over the Hills to the Poorhouse,'" sang another.

The orator did not join in the laughter. With increased solemnity he said: "I wish, gentlemen, for your sakes and for my sake that I were jesting, but I am not. Of late I have experienced severe losses. It is impossible for me to meet my obligations. If, however, you gentlemen are willing to give me six months' time, I can pay off everything and thus save my honor—and my life, for"—and here Fritz drew a revolver—"I propose to blow out my brains in your presence," and he placed the deadly weapon to his temple.

The horrified guests sprang to their feet. A few of the more courageous endeavored to wrest the revolver from the desperate man, but they did not succeed. Fritz declared that he would not give up the revolver until a certain document giving him an extension of six months was signed, and he suddenly drew the document from his breast pocket.

As we have already intimated, all the creditors, owing to the wine, were in a most genial mood, and in a few minutes the document was signed by all the creditors of Herr Fritz.

Then the merriment was renewed in earnest, although there was a hollow ring in the laugh of the fat man that told of an aching heart. Fritz put up his revolver, which, so it has been intimated, was not even loaded.

Henry Wilson, the postmaster at Welshon, Florida, says he cured a case of diarrhea of long standing in six hours, with one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. "What a pleasant surprise that must have been to the sufferer. Such cures are not unusual with this remedy. In many instances only one or two doses are required to give permanent relief. It can always be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. For sale by F. E. Britton, druggist.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at F. E. Britton's drug store.

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The orator did not join in the laughter. With increased solemnity he said: "I wish, gentlemen, for your sakes and for my sake that I were jesting, but I am not. Of late I have experienced severe losses. It is impossible for me to meet my obligations. If, however, you gentlemen are willing to give me six months' time, I can pay off everything and thus save my honor—and my life, for"—and here Fritz drew a revolver—"I propose to blow out my brains in your presence," and he placed the deadly weapon to his temple.

The horrified guests sprang to their feet. A few of the more courageous endeavored to wrest the revolver from the desperate man, but they did not succeed. Fritz declared that he would not give up the revolver until a certain document giving him an extension of six months was signed, and he suddenly drew the document from his breast pocket.

As we have already intimated, all the creditors, owing to the wine, were in a most genial mood, and in a few minutes the document was signed by all the creditors of Herr Fritz.